

Katee Phas

The Industrial Workers of the World

All Wage Workers Should Join the Union
None But Wage Workers Can Join the Union

THE UNION OF THE MEN WHO
ARE NOT AFRAID

Phone Main 1566

SONGS

TO FAN the FLAME
OF DISCONTENT



The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

Rear 412-20 Front Ave., SPOKANE, WASH.

THE RED FLAG

By James Connell.

The People's flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft, our martyred dead;
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

Chorus:

Then raise the SCARLET STANDARD high
Beneath its folds, we'll live and die,
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the RED FLAG flying here.

Look 'round! the Frenchman loves its blaze,
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's vaults, its hymns are sung,
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow,
We will not change its color now.

It suits today, the meek and base
Whose minds are fixed on self and place;
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered, swear we all, RBC
To bear it onward till we fall; NCU
Come dungeons dark, or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn!

"The poor—is any country his? What are
to me your glories and your industries—they
are not mine."

An Injury to one is an injury to all.

HALLELUJAH

Tune: "Revive Us Again."

O, why don't you work
As other men do?
How in hell can I work
When there's no work to do?

Chorus:

Hallelujah, I'm a bum!
Hallelujah, bum again!
Hallelujah, give us a handout—
To revive us again.

O, why don't you save
All the money you earn?
If I did not eat
I'd have money to burn!

O, I like my boss—
He's a good friend of mine;
That's why I'm starving
Out in the bread-line!

I can't buy a job—
For I ain't got the dough;
So I ride in a box car,
For I'm a hobo!

Whenever I get
All the money I earn,
The boss will be broke,
And to work he must turn!

Workers of the World, Unite! You have
nothing to lose but your chains.

THE MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!

Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary—
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band—
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

Chorus:

To arms! To arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On Victory or Death.

With luxury and Pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air,
To mete and vend the light and air,
Like beasts of burden, would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,
But Man is Man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

Chorus:

O, Liberty! can man resign thee?
Once having felt thy generous flame,
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee?
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But Freedom is our sword and shield;
And all their arts are unavailing!

Chorus:

OUT IN THE BREAD LINE

(Give us, this day, our daily bread.)

Out in the bread-line, the fool and the knave,
Out in the bread-line, the sucker and slave.
Coffee and doughnuts now takes all our cash,
We're on the bum and we're glad to get hash.

Chorus:

Out in the bread-line, rain or the sunshine,
We're up against it today—
Out in the bread-line, watching the job-sign,
We're on the bum, boys, today.

The employment office now ships east and
west,

Jobs are quite scarce—they are none of the
best;

Grub, it is rocky—a discount we pay;
We are dead broke and we'll have to eat hay.

We are the big bums, the hoboes, and "vags."
O, we look hungry, our clothes are all rags;
While a fat grafter, sky-pilot or fake,
Laughs at our troubles and gives us the
shake.

O, yes, we're suckers, there's no doubt of
that!

We live like dogs, and the boss he gets fat;
God help his picture, when once we get wise,
He'll be the bum, and we'll be the swell guys.

One Union, One Label, One Enemy.

THE BANNER OF LABOR

Tune: Star Spangled Banner.

Oh say, can you hear, coming near and more
near

The call now resounding: "Come all ye who
labor"?

The Industrial Band, throughout all the land
Bids toilers remember, each toiler's his
neighbor.

Come, workers, unite! 'tis Humanity's fight.
We call, you come forth in your manhood
and might.

Chorus:

And the BANNER OF LABOR will surely
soon wave

O'er the land that is free, from the master
and slave.

The blood and the lives of children and
wives

Are ground into dollars for parasites'
pleasure;

The children now slave, till they sink in
their grave—

That robbers may fatten and add to their
treasure.

Will you idly sit by, unheeding their cry?

Arise! Be ye men, See! the battle draws
nigh.

Long, long has the spoil of labor and toil
Been wrung from the workers by parasite
classes;

While Poverty, gaunt, Desolation and Want
Have dwelt in the hovels of earth's toiling
masses.

Through bloodshed and tears, our day star
appears,

INDUSTRIAL UNION, the wage slave now
cheers.

"THE ROLL CALL"

Tune: "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder."

Up and down the street, we walk around;

Until our feet are sore,

For a job, a job, a job most anywhere.

The employment shark will gather

Easy suckers by the score

When you buy a job out yonder in despair.

Chorus:

When you buy, a job up yon-der,

When you buy, a job up yon-der,

When you buy, a job up yon-der,

When you buy a job out yonder in despair.

Shall we labor for the grafter,

From the dawn till setting sun?

Shall we all his graft and hard work meekly
bear?

When we've worked a week we owe the boss,

For all the work we've done.

When the driver yells, "Roll out boys!" are
you there?

Chorus:

When the dri-ver yells, "Roll out, boys!"

When the dri-ver yells, "Roll out, boys!"

When the dri-ver yells, "Roll out, boys!"

When the driver yells, "Roll out boys!" are
you there?

You've been robbed by the employment
sharks;

They've kept you on the bum;

If you get the job you've bought, the case is
rare.

Be a man and join your UNION!

Then the boss to us must come;

When the grafters have to travel, we'll be
there.

Chorus:

When the graft-ers have to trav-el,

When the graft-ers have to trav-el,

When the graft-ers have to trav-el,

When the grafters have to travel, we'll be
there.

WORKING MEN, UNITE

Tune: Red Wing.

(Composed by E. S. Nelson.)

Conditions they are bad,
And some of you are sad;
You cannot see your enemy,
The class that lives in luxury.
You workingmen are poor,—
Will be for evermore,—
As long as you permit the few
To guide your destiny.

Chorus:

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?
It is outrageous—has been for ages;
This earth by right belongs to toilers,
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,
But they have lots of "gall."
When we unite to gain our right,
If they resist we'll use our might;
There is no middle ground,
This fight must be one round
To victory, for liberty
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite!
We must put up a fight,
To make us free from slavery
And capitalistic tyranny;
This fight is not in vain,
We've got a world to gain.
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool?
And serve your enemy?

There is a bunch of honest workingmen;
They're known throughout the land.
They've seen the horrors of the bull-pen,
From Maine to the Rio Grande.
They've faced starvation, hunger, privation;
Upon them the soldiers were hurled.
Their organization is known to the nation
As the Industrial Workers of the World.
Then hail to this fighting band.
Good luck to their union grand.

Chorus.

They're all fighters from the word go,
And to the master
They'll bring disaster.
And if you'll join them
They'll let you know
Just the reason the Boss must go.
They've faced the Pinkertons and Gatling
guns
In defense of their natural rights;
They proved themselves to be labor sons
In all of the workers' fights;
They have been hounded by power un-
bounded
Of capitalists throughout the land,
But all are astounded, our foes are con-
founded,
For we still remain a union grand.
Then hail to this fighting band,
Good Luck to their union grand.

Chorus.

You live on coffee and on doughnuts;
The Boss lives on porterhouse steak.
You work ten hours a day and live in huts;
The Boss lives in the palace you make.
You face starvation, hunger, privation,
But the Boss is always well fed.
Though of low station you've built this
nation—
Built it up upon your dead.
Then when will you ever get wise,
When will you open your eyes.

Chorus.

GOOD-BYE DOLLARS, I MUST LEAVE YOU.

Tune—"Dolly Gray."

Looking at the job signs, one winter's day,
I saw a working stiff, and heard him say:
"I'm fairly on the hog, and I'll have to buy
a job,

And for the job my last two dollars pay;
I guess I'll take a look inside, and see
If there is any job that will suit me."
He said: "What little dough I have got will
have to go,"

And as he went inside he murmured low:

Chorus.

"Good-bye, dollars, I must leave you,
For a job with you I've got to buy.
Something tells me I will need you,
When I'm hungry and get dry.
Hark, the employment shark is bawling,
For that job he wants his pay.
Soon to the boss I will be crawling,
To make wealth for him each day."

He went inside, and this I heard him say:
"I've come to buy a job of you today."
The employment shark said: "Yes, I've got
a job, I guess,
But two dollars for that job you'll have to
pay;
The job I'll send you to is far away,
The board is high and wages low, they say;
The camp is full of bums and the bunks are
full of crumbs."
Then again I heard that sucker softly say:

Chorus.

"Good-bye, dollars, I must leave you,
For a job with you I've got to buy.
Something tells me I will need you,
When I'm hungry and get dry;
Hark, the employment shark is bawling,
For that job he wants his pay.
Soon to the boss I will be crawling,
To make wealth for him each day."

MEET ME IN THE JUNGLES, LOUIE.

Louie was out of a job,
Louie was dead on the hog;
He looked all around,
But no job could be found,
So he had to go home and sit down.
A note on the table he spied,
He read it just once, and he cried,
It read, "Louie, dear, get to hell out of
here,
Your board bill is now over due."

Chorus.

Meet me in the jungles, Louie,
Meet me over there.
Don't tell me the slaves are eating,
Anywhere else but there;
We will each one be a booster,
To catch a big, fat rooster;
So meet me in the jungles, Louie,
Meet me over there.

Louie went out of his shack,
He swore he would never come back;
He said, "I will go, and take the first
freight,
My friends in the jungles to see,
For me is waiting out there,
Of a Mulligan stew a big share.
So away I will go and be a hobo,
For the song in the jungles I hear."

Chorus.

Meet me in the jungles, Louie,
Meet me over there;
Don't tell me the slaves are eating,
Anywhere else but there.
We will each one be a booster,
To catch the scissor Bill's rooster;
So meet me in the jungles, Louie,
Meet me over there.

MEETING TIME OF THE I. W. W. LOCAL UNIONS, SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.

Building Constructors' Local Union, No. 223,
meets Mondays at 8 p. m.

Hotel and Restaurant Workers' Local
Union, No., meets Wednesdays at 8
p. m.

Public Service Workers' Local Union, No.
434, meets Fridays at 7 p. m.

Italian Branch, No. 1, of Local Union, No.
434, meets Tuesdays at 8 p. m.

Austrian Branch, No. 2, of Local Union, No.
434, meets Thursdays at 8 p. m.

Mixed Local Union, No. 222, meets Sundays
at 3 p. m.

Executive committee, composed of two dele-
gates from each union and branch, meets
Sundays at 11 a. m.

All meetings are held at the large head-
quarters, rear 412-14-16-18-20 Front Ave-
nue, Spokane, Washington.

Library hours, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Street meetings held when opportunity per-
mits.

Regular propaganda hall meetings held
every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and
Sunday at 8 p. m.

Free Employment Office for the members.